



Coffee, Really?



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Chapter 1 by COFFEE

I sat down with my drink at the birthday party it was in a styrofoam cup so i can understand my grandmothers confusion when she asked me.

"Is that coffee and you didn't get your poor grandma one" she smiled.

I truly loved my grandma and i laughed and said "no just my swamp drink"

"Good god what is that" my grandmas general curiosity getting at her.

"3 or more favors of pop in one shot" after that she insisted on trying it she actually thought it wasn't that bad but she still wanted coffee and got up to confront my cousin-in-law why there was no coffee we couldn't even make some since it was a rented place.

"So what up with the coffee obsession anyway"

"Ah you are to young to even think about the law".

"Then you can tell me" I countered.

"Fine, but were not supposed to talk about it so I didn't tell you a thing but a long time ago children would bring their elders the coffee" She took a moment to smile at the memory. "It showed respect and how much we need the children of the world to help the before generations we helped them when they were growing up" And as she sighed i could tell the story was going to get bitter. "But do you remember Michelle Obama".

"Ah the presidents wife who made really healthy corrections"

"Yes" she nodded "She thought it was all the time for coffee they weren't doing there school work" She said "I remember the kids who had finished their homework go most of the time" She said "I remember the kids who had finished their studies" She gave her best bitch face.

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"But that doesn't matter anymore I guess these days".

"Man now i really want a coffee" We laughed it off and ate the cake after the baby was done smashing there little cake the frosting was so sweet i almost gagged i couldn't even finish a cupcake when my big brother came up to us i was wondering where he disappeared to.

"Here you go free coffee for the lady" He smiled and gave it to her while she patted his cheek and took a sip.

"Thanks".

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